Ukiyo

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Ukiyo

by JSinister32

Summary

All around him, the world slept on; Will kept silent watch, his mind wandering aimlessly through the events of the past year. When he took the time to think, it never ceased to amaze him how much his life had truly changed. The man responsible for his becoming was still asleep in the wreckage of their bed; exhausted from the passionate lovemaking that had hardly ceased since their arrival in Florida for their spontaneous weekend adventure. Even after a year together, their hunger for one another had yet to dissipate; the hot, balmy weather of the South only seemed to have exacerbated their appetites.

The trip had been Hannibal's idea, proposed to him two nights before as they lay in one another's arms on the couch. Will had gone to great lengths to choose the right hotel. It wasn't the only one along the beach that had open balconies, but it was the tallest, and had the most unobstructed view of the water. He had fallen in love with it when perusing their options online, and Hannibal had solidified his choice at a glance, even with the astronomical price tag.

Notes

This story used to belong in a collection that is slowly being dismantled so the stories can live on their own. It is not the same as its previous iteration, and has been infused with as much life as I could give it.
Hearts and Body Parts,
🤍JM

NOTE: I do not allow translations or additional archiving locations. Please let me know if you find this work anywhere except AO3, posted by me. I hate adding this note, but I hate my work being stolen even more. Thank you for understanding.

Ukiyo: (n.) **Japanese**
Living in the moment,
Detached from the bothers of life.

Will Graham loved the earliest hours of the day. The light breeze that rolled off the ocean ruffled his hair, lifting it back from his forehead as he breathed in the chilled morning air. He leaned into the railing of the hotel balcony, sipping a glass of ridiculously expensive champagne from a crystal flute, watching the lights on the distant harbor as the first fishing boats made their way into the waters for their first catches of the day. It was the last deep breath of night just before sun began to rise; the already cool temperature dropped a few more degrees as the skies tinged with the barest hint of pale gold. There was no real light yet, but Will could feel the dawn pressing down on the earth like a giant's hand, begging it to awaken.

All around him, the world slept on; Will kept silent watch, his mind wandering aimlessly through the events of the past year. When he took the time to think, it never ceased to amaze him how much his life had truly changed. The man responsible for his becoming was still asleep in the wreckage of their bed; exhausted from the passionate lovemaking that had hardly ceased since their arrival in Florida for their spontaneous weekend adventure. Even after a year together, their hunger for one another had yet to dissipate; the hot, balmy weather of the South only seemed to have exacerbated their already voracious appetites.

The trip had been Hannibal's idea, proposed to Will two nights before as they lay in one another's arms on the couch. The idea of time away with his lover sent a spike of excitement straight into his gut; Will had agreed without a thought, much to the doctor's delight. They didn't have long to decide where to go; Hannibal suggested the balmy weather of the south.

"Somewhere with a beach," he murmured as he stripped Will of his work shirt. "So I can rub tanning lotion into your skin and walk with my feet in the sand."

"I didn't take you as the earth-between-your-toes type," Will murmured, tilting his chin up to give Hannibal's questing lips better access. Hannibal's eyes had filled with a quiet amusement as they maneuvered him out of his trousers.

"There's still much we don't know about one another, darling. So much yet to come to light." There had been less talking after that, the profiler recalled fondly.

Their destination selected, Will had gone to great lengths to choose the right hotel. It wasn't the only one along the beach that had open balconies, but it was the tallest, and had the most unobstructed view of the water. He had fallen in love with it when perusing their options online, and Hannibal had solidified his choice at a glance, even with the astronomical price tag.

"Money is no object and should not be observed through the lens of a need for reciprocity. It is enough that you have agreed, and will be there with me. Let me worry about the rest."

He had booked the hotel with trembling fingers, the hot mouth laving at his throat all but washing away what few doubts and feelings of guilt still remained. They hadn't made it to the bedroom that night; instead, Hannibal took him over the arm of the couch, bent and panting for his pleasure as the handsome, elegant doctor above him drove into him relentlessly, whispering for him to breathe down his pleasure.

Two days later, they packed their bags and headed to the airport, all thoughts of the FBI and Jack Crawford left behind them. For the next four days, they didn't have occupations; they only had each other. Will's stomach had filled with butterflies as they filed into the first class lounge, toasting with breakfast mimosas as they waited for their plane to arrive. Hannibal's hand on his back as they boarded the plane felt like a promise; Will trembled imperceptibly beneath the other man's fingers as they took their seats. Hannibal held his hand during the duration of their travel, fingers tracing idle patterns on his skin as if he were touching somewhere much more intimate. By the time they arrived, Will's very blood was alight with need.

Although it was chosen for aesthetics, the hotel room went completely unexamined for several hours as clothing was stripped away; shirts pulled over heads between passion filled kisses, zips lowered before they could be torn. Their first round on their first vacation together had occurred with Will pressed against the stout wood of their door, his legs wrapped around Hannibal's waist as he tried to muffle his cries of enjoyment, biting into the pad of Hannibal's shoulder as the doctor whispered darkly into his ear.

"That's it, pet. This is what you needed, hmm?" Will hadn't even tried to form a response. His throaty moans and trembling skin had been enough for Hannibal to understand. He had come in floods between their chests, his cock untouched and utterly ignored as Hannibal pounded into his prostate with every deep stroke, driving into him until he released deep within Will's body. Will drank down Hannibal's moans as if they were made of wine; made him cry out around his tongue as he emptied himself into the profiler's body. They managed to collapse to the ground with some semblance of grace, but it had taken several attempts to summon enough energy to stand.

When they finally stumbled to the bed, they had simply stared at one another in the semidarkess, drinking in one another's features with the same reverent wonder that seemed to overtake them each time they made love. Hannibal stroked a hand through Will's curls; Will traced the doctor's lips with the pad of his thumb, watching with quiet fascination as they fell open to engulf the tip of his digit. Touching slowly dissolved into kisses as soft as summer rain; hands roaming across skin, mapping a passionate pathway of blunt scratches and reddening marks like constellations across the skies.

Had Will died in that moment, it would have been in perfect happiness.

Instead, an hour later, the profiler found himself in the middle of the snowy white comforter that covered their bed. Bent low on all fours, he'd begged with what was left of his voice to come as Hannibal took him; slow, relentless thrusts that rubbed Will's prostate with practiced precision. Hannibal had twisted a handful of his hair around his fingers as he took his pleasure in Will's body, whispering to him that he felt good to fuck as he came across the sheets for him. Hannibal's orgasm had driven what remained of his voice from his lungs;

under the doctor's amused care, he drank tea with honey that was already stored in their room.

Unable to summon the energy required to dress, they ordered room service from the five star restaurant below. Although the epitome of discretion, the girl that brought their food to the room had blushed so hard at their state of undress, Will feared she would pass out. The price of the room had proved to be worth every penny; much to Hannibal's delight, the restaurant had sent up real crystal glasses with their wine. Their flatware was heavily polished silver, the dinner plates fine china. They devoured the meals they ordered, sharing morsels across the bed with dark, hooded eyes and lingering touches. With full stomachs and sated bodies, they'd fallen into a deep, dreamless sleep; exhausted from their exertions and the thrill of being outside of the reach of Quantico for four whole days.

Will watched the expanse of gold burn away to a brilliant orange, flaring along the skyline to kiss the very horizon of water. His mind continued to wander as he took another sip from his glass, the bright color filling his eyes with fire.

It had taken over a year to give in to his feelings for Hannibal; sometimes, it still amazed him that he'd been able to follow through with it. Had the other man not felt the same, he would have risked everything they built together over those long, comfortable nights in the doctor's office, discussing life, death, and everything in between. In a fit of drunken indiscretion, Will had balled up his courage and kissed the other man during one of those late night sessions. From the moment their lips touched, everything they had been fell away into dust, paving the road for what they would become.

The wine in their glasses had been a deep burgundy; a cup of blood to consummate the shift in their relationship. They'd kissed until their jaws ached, until Will could no longer stand the distance between his skin and Hannibal's. The boldness offered to him by his drink had served him well; he had worshiped Hannibal's cock on his knees, worked him with his mouth while the doctor sat back in his chair by the fire, wine glass still in hand, not a piece of clothing, much less a hair out of place. Will took his time, clumsily learning to offer up the pleasure he himself craved, using his lips and tongue to sing praises his voice could not articulate. In the end, Hannibal had threaded fingers through his hair and bucked up into his mouth, thrown his head back as he came down Will's throat as the profiler gently sucked the crown of his cock.

They still used that particular suit and the same vintage of wine as foreplay, and their passion for one another had yet to cool. It burned beneath Will's skin, pulsed in his veins like a second heartbeat. Although they initially sought to keep their budding relationship between themselves, it became nearly impossible to keep their feelings for one another from a building full of the brightest detecting minds America had to offer. Nobody had been surprised to learn of the shift to their relationship. It had been painfully obvious for months that they were in love, even if it went unacknowledged between them. There was even talk of a betting pool, but Will hadn't been able to confirm its existence.

Within weeks, every spare moment was spent with the man in the bed behind him. Domesticity had come easily to them; each was as comfortable in one home as the other. They shared keys in the second week of their relationship, exchanging them with a kiss that

felt like a promise of bright days and restful nights. When they worked cases together, those present treated them like the power couple they were; reverence and a little fear were clear in the other agents' faces as they cleared a path for Will to do his job. Hannibal kept the profiler's mind intact, and together, they ensured that Behavioral Sciences unit thrived.

Will couldn't remember the time that came before; not as clearly as he could pull details from the moments since their lives had become so inexorably entwined. He wondered for a moment if that should worry him. With another sip of the effervescent liquid in his glass, he realized he didn't care.

Will drained the last of his champagne and moved to the table where the bottle sat, watching the sky for the color of dawn to break. It was close now, pressing against the darkness with all the strength of the titans. It wouldn't be long before the skies were filled with perfect, brilliant blue.

He felt, rather than heard Hannibal as he approached, padding onto the balcony as if summoned by Will's thoughts alone. Lifting his hand, he offered a second flute of champagne over his shoulder. Hannibal took it from his grasp and wrapped a warm, muscled arm around Will's waist as he came to stand beside him. The doctor kissed his shoulder before tapping his glass against Will's own, which was held aloft for just such a purpose.

"To what are we toasting, mylimasis?" Hannibal's voice was still roughened with the edges of sleep; the rumble set Will's blood on fire. The profiler smiled at the endearment. It had taken weeks and a threat of Google Translate for Hannibal to illuminate him with its meaning; the blushing admission had ended with torrid mid-afternoon sex against the counter in Hannibal's kitchen, sunlight filtering down upon them as if their union were somehow blessed by the gods.

Jack had stopped by not ten minutes after they had finished, and had read the shift in their relationship as if it had been branded into their skin. Hannibal had simply nodded, encircling Will's waist with his arm as if he hadn't just fucked the profiler so hard he could barely stand. The agent had clapped them both on the shoulders, grateful that they had finally taken their relationship in the direction everyone knew it had been headed. They had locked eyes in that moment, a silent vow exchanged to never admit to Jack just how long they had been together, but now that their relationship was acknowledged by his superior, Will felt completely free to behave as he did when they were alone.

The profiler's demeanor had changed drastically since their relationship had begun; he was calmer, more focused, more in control of his emotions when he looked into the minds that Jack brought to his table. It brought the senior agent peace to know that the relationship he had a hand in cultivating had done his profiler so much good.

Even now, Will had to smile at the thought. If he only knew what form his therapy took, he may not be so happy about it.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow in question, his glass millimeters from the profiler's own, waiting.

“Tonight will mark three years since the day we met,” Will murmured. “I think that’s worth a glass of champagne, don’t you?” Hannibal smiled, his eyes as dark as what remained of the night sky. He carefully clinked his glass to Will’s and they both drank deeply, letting the bright bubbles of the champagne dance across their tongues. Hannibal pulled the glass from the other man’s hand, setting them both on the small table that held the bottle in its bucket of ice. Will waited, knowing what was coming, but unable to deny its potency, even after so many months together. Hannibal’s hands wound into his hair, tugging gently to tilt the profiler’s mouth up to meet his own.

All around them, the world went quiet.

Their kisses were still incendiary; passion ebbed and flowed from the press of their lips as if they were playing a song only they could hear. Intimacy between them was as easy as breathing; they took advantage of the other’s insatiable appetites as often as possible. Even with the exhaustive rounds of sex since their arrival, Will’s blood already pulsed in his ears as Hannibal licked his way into the profiler’s mouth. The groan he released into the kiss was loud in the fragile quiet of the morning; Hannibal smiled against his lips and drew back enough to catch his gaze. With clever, nimble fingers, the doctor eased open Will’s robe, exposing his body to the cool, damp air. Will trapped another desperate moan in his chest as the material was pushed aside to lave at the sensitive skin at the join of his neck and shoulder. Hannibal kissed away his teasing bites with lips too soft to quell Will’s desires. *Not for me to change. Only to enjoy.*

Hannibal pinned him gently against the balcony railing, worked his way along the skin of his neck, drinking in his heartfelt sounds as if they were ambrosia. Will closed his eyes and gave himself over to the feeling, his breath catching as the doctor worked his tongue along the shell of his ear, nipping at his lobe with sharp teeth.

“I want you,” Hannibal rumbled into his ear. Will felt his knees go weak; he knew they wouldn’t make it to the bed. As if reading his thoughts, the velvet words continued. “I want to feel you clench around me, here in the open air. I want you to spend onto the ground below.” Hannibal’s voiced desires burned through his blood like flash paper; it was wanton, wicked of them to take advantage of the early hour. He wanted it more than he wanted to breathe.

Will straightened his arms, and let the robe fall from his shoulders, exposing his body to the last minutes of the darkened skies. The pale yellow was finally chasing away the deeper colors as Hannibal lifted his leg to the railing, his fingers brushing against the delicate skin of his entrance. The lips on his ear smiled; Will’s legs began to shake as the fingers spiraled against his skin; testing, teasing.

“You’re still wet for me, my darling,” Hannibal murmured. “Do you need me to prepare you?” Will shook his head and bent at the waist to give his lover better access to his body. The position was desperately submissive, but he didn’t mind; not with what Hannibal offered up so freely. Will already knew that the only man in power in their couplings was not the doctor, but the man who chose to give Hannibal everything he desired.

“Take me, love,” he whispered. “Please.”

Hannibal didn't need a second confirmation. Cool fingers gripped Will's hips as the head of Hannibal's cock breached his body, filling in in one slow, slick push. Will panted into the darkness, reveling in the burning stretch of Hannibal's length, pushing back until he was fully sheathed inside him. A moan shattered the air around him as their hips met; cool, gentle hands stroked up his sides as Will adjusted to the sudden pressure. It didn't take long; they fucked so often that Will's body grew accustomed to the fullness within minutes. Their angle pressed enticingly against his prostate; even when they kept still, he knew they weren't going to last.

With a deep breath, Will nodded. Hannibal tightened his grip and began to roll his hips. The first stoke was enough to drive all the air from Will's lungs; Hannibal felt the angle on that first push and grinned; a feral flash of teeth. Without a word, he fucked Will into the railing, the snap of his hips fast and hard and so deep, Will could feel him in every part of his being. This was not a moment for teasing; Hannibal very clearly wanted him to come. As Will's body began to tremble, a hand snaked out to cover his mouth, tightening over his lips as Hannibal ground into his prostate.

It was all Will needed. He cried out his orgasm against the palm of Hannibal's hand, clenching around the gorgeous cock inside him as it filled him over and over, wringing every bit of pleasure from his very pores. The doctor's hand on his hip tightened; Will barely registered Hannibal's throaty moan as he climaxed. The wet emission deep within his body made the profiler feel debauched; he shouldn't enjoy it as much as he did. *Taken. Possessed by the man that loves me. Gives me everything I need.*

Sated to the bone, their lips met just as the first edge of sun kissed the endless blue of the skies. Will smiled into the kisses, his heart full to bursting.

They showered as the sun chased away the shadows, and crawled into bed as an unbroken sea of blue took over where the riot of colors had been just minutes before. Hannibal drew the profiler into his arms, spooning Will from behind in a tight cocoon of heat. Their skin and hair were still damp from their shower, but the energy required to change it proved greater than either man was willing to expend. As they closed their eyes, the world woke around them, oblivious to the passion that had been shared by the sleeping men.

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"That one."

Hannibal took a sip from the bottle of beer in his hand and swiveled in his seat, following Will's lingering glance. It didn't take long for him to catch sight of his lover's chosen quarry. The man in question very obviously thought himself an alpha male; a deep tan graced his skin, short, wavy brown hair was styled to perfection atop his head. He had a generally attractive face; nondescript enough that his own victims were likely unable to give a concise description of him later. He was muscled enough that Hannibal had a bright flash of concern, but it quieted at the look in Will's eyes.

The righteous fury painted across his paramour's features tightened things low in Hannibal's stomach; a reaction that no longer took him by surprise. There was no way they could be overpowered; not with the anger that bubbled in Will's veins.

The detestable man was busy attempting to coerce a beautiful young woman into kissing him. Hannibal watched impassively as a hand came up to block his face; she was still attempting to be polite. It was clear that, even as her fear grew, the young woman's patience was growing thin. The slap that echoed through the bar was a surprise to nobody, and when the man stumbled out into the streets 20 minutes later, he was too drunk and angry to see the shadows that stalked him.

True to his nature, the monster stopped to take a piss in a darkened alley, giving them the perfect opportunity to close in. Hannibal hung back a moment; the first, precious seconds of Will's interactions with his victims lived within their own room of his memory palace. After so many weeks of no bloodshed of their own, he relished the opportunity to add to his collection.

"Hello," Will offered, his voice low and dark with malice. The man turned, confused, towards the sound.

"The hell are you doing?" the man shouted, even as Will closed the distance between them.

"Oh, just taking out the trash," the profiler replied conversationally. The small, curved blade fit perfectly into the palm of his hand. The sight of its dangerous glint sent Hannibal's heart thrashing in his chest. Will circled behind the drunken man, completely out of reach of his wild swing. With the lithe swiftness of a jungle cat, he stepped behind the toppling body and rode him to the ground, planting his knees in the larger man's back and effectively removing any advantage his size would have given him. The knife kissed his throat, bringing with it a darkly shining splash of liquid.

"That would be you," he whispered into the horror-stricken face that turned to face him as he stood. The would-be rapist tried to crawl away; tried to beg, to threaten. In the end, he cried, blubbering incoherently up to the point when Hannibal stepped from the shadows to snap his miserable neck.

His blood looked black, even against the backdrop of the night sky. Will sat on the ground, twirling the small knife between his gloved fingers as he watched Hannibal arranged the corpse to his liking, a quiet fascination playing across his handsome features. The ichor that stained the front of their victim's shirt gave testament to the life the man had lived; his darkness bled through, even at his last moments.

They would have to leave him as he was, without collecting a souvenir of their kill. Better for the local force to believe it a random act of violence than bring undue attention to their extracurricular activities.

Hannibal stepped back to survey his work; Will grabbed the front of the plastic suit the doctor wore and brought their mouths together in a soft, lingering kiss. Tugging his lip gently between his teeth, he leaned back and grinned. Hannibal met the profiler's eyes, regarding the man in front of him with unrestrained delight.

"How did it feel?" They shared another infinitely gentle kiss; two shadows melded into the alley in which they stood.

“You know how it felt, Doctor,” he murmured against Hannibal’s mouth. “That’s why you brought me here, isn’t it? To experience it somewhere new. Unfettered by my obligations to my profession.” Hannibal nodded, looking back into the street. Despite the teeming sea of people that filed by the entrance to the alley, nobody had noticed their victim’s cries. *Good. His victims likely suffered much the same.*

“You are more yourself than you have ever been, darling. I am in awe of the man you are becoming, and in such a short time.” He turned back to meet Will’s stunned gaze; it was rare they gave voice to the turning that had taken place as slowly as their relationship had developed. Their need for blood was almost as strong as their desire for one another; Will’s appetites for both had proved inexhaustible. Hannibal stripped the gloves from his hands and cupped Will’s face, bringing their mouths together in another heated kiss. Will melted into the doctor’s embrace, his own hands safely on the plastic waist of Hannibal’s murder suit.

“I will be forever grateful to Jack for bringing us together,” Hannibal breathed, “even if he doesn’t know the more… unconventional activities we share as a couple.” Will laughed and pulled away, recovering the black duffel bag they had carried into the alley with them. With practiced ease, he unzipped the suit protecting his own clothing, rolling it up tightly until it fit back into the plastic bag in which it had been stored. It would have to be cleaned when they got home; until then, the plastic would protect the inside of the duffel from contamination. *Disinfectant and a black light,* he mused. *Just in case.*

Hannibal’s suit followed; Will sheathed his knife and placed it reverently on top. The bag went over Hannibal’s shoulder as they turned away from their kill, back out into the bright lights and booming sounds that made up the city’s nightlife. Within moments, they blended right back into the crowds, save the duffel bag on Hannibal’s hip. Will’s arm snaked around his lover’s waist, drawing him close enough to murmur into his ear.

“I have a single regret, you know. About this kill.” Hannibal looked up, sharp eyes searching Will’s face.

“And what is it that you are regretting?” Will kissed between his lover’s brows, soothing away the obvious worry his statement caused. Holding Hannibal’s gaze, he kissed the palm of the doctor’s hand before laying it against his own cheek.

“Next time, we will have to pick a better kill location,” the profiler replied, his eyes gleaming brightly in the rainbow hue of the lights surrounding them. “So you can take your trophy.” Hannibal regarded Will’s face, surprise clearly etched into his features. Will simply held his eyes, unafraid of whatever Hannibal found within them. The honesty in the profiler’s face stole all the breath from Hannibal’s lungs.

“If that is what you want,” he finally managed. Will pulled him into his arms, smiling against his throat as he placed a gentle kiss on the doctor’s jaw.

“Haven’t you figured it out, love? I want everything this life will give me. Especially your happiness.”

“*Our* happiness.” Will laughed and pulled on Hannibal’s hand, leading him down the winding street.

“Our happiness, Doctor. For as long as I can have it.”

Forever, then. I will ensure you have it forever.

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